

Let her alone, speake not of *Helena*,
Take not her part. For if thou dost intend
Neuer so little shew of loue to her,
Thou shalt abide it.

Lys. Now she holds me not,
Now follow if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine is most in *Helena*.

Dem. Follow: Nay, Ile goe with thee cheeke by
iowle.

Her. You Mistris, all this coyle is long of you,
Nay, goe not backe.

Hel. I will not trust you I,
Nor longer stay in your curst companie.
Your hands then mine, are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though to runne away.

Enter Oberon and Pucke.

Ob. This is thy negligence, still thou mistak'st,
Or else committ'st thy knaueries willingly.

Puck. Beleeue me, King of shadowes, I mistooke,
Did not you tell me, I should know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on?
And so farre blamelesse proues my enterprize,
That I haue nointed an *Athenians* eies,
And so farre am I glad, it so did fort,
As this their iangling I esteeme a sport.

Ob. Thou seest these *Louers* seeke a place to fight,
Hie therefore *Robin*, ouercast the night,
The starrie Welkin couer thou anon,
With drooping fogge as blacke as *Acheron*,
And lead these testie Riuals as astray,
As one come not within anothers way.
Like to *Lysander*, sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stirre *Demetrius* vp with bitter wrong;
And sometime raile thou like *Demetrius*;
And from each other looke thou leade them thus,
Till ore their browes, death-counterfeiting, sleepe
With leaden legs, and Battic-wings doth creepe;
Then crush this hearbe into *Lysanders* eie,
Whose liquor hath this vertuous propertie,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eie-balls role with wonted sight.

When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seeme a dreame, and fruitlesse vision,
And backe to *Athens* shall the *Louers* wend
With league, whose date till death shall neuer end.
Whiles I in this affaire do thee imply,
Ile to my Queene, and beg her *Indian* Boy;
And then I will her charmed eie release
From monsters view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My Fairie Lord, this must be done with haste,
For night-swift Dragons cut the Clouds full fast,
And yonder shines *Auroras* harbinger;
At whose approach Ghosts wandring here and there,
Troope home to Church-yards; damned spirits all,
That in crosse-waies and flouds haue buriall,
Alreadie to their wormie beds are gone;
For feare least day should looke their shames vpon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with blacke browd night.

Ob. But we are spirits of another sort:
I, with the mornings loue haue oft made sport,
And like a Forrester, the groues may tread,
Euen till the Easterne gate all fierced,
Opening on *Neptune*, with faire blessed beames,
Turnes into yellow gold, his salt greene streames.

But notwithstanding haste, make no delay:
We may effect this businesse, yet ere day.

Puck. Vp and downe, vp and downe, I will leade
them vp and downe: I am fear'd in field and towne.
Goblin, lead them vp and downe: here comes one.

Enter Lysander.

Lys. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius*?
Speake thou now.

Rob. Here villaine, drawne & readie. Where art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Rob. Follow me then to plainer ground.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. *Lysander*, speake againe;

Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?

Speake in some bush: Where dost thou hide thy head?

Rob. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come recreant, come thou childe,
Ile whip thee with a rod. He is defild
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there?

Rob. Follow my voice, we'll try no manhood here, *Exit.*

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on,
When I come where he calls, then he's gone.

The villaine is much lighter heel'd then I:

I followed fast, but faster he did flye;

That fallen am I in darke vneuen way.

And here wil rest me. Come thou gentle day:

For if but once thou shew me thy gray light,

Ile finde *Demetrius*, and reuenge this spight.

Enter Robin and Demetrius.

Rob. Ho, ho, ho, coward, why com'st thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st. For well I wot,

Thou runst before me, shifting euery place,

And dar'st not stand, nor looke me in the face.

Where art thou?

Rob. Come hither, I am here.

Dem. Nay then thou mock'st me; thou shalt buy this
deere,

If euer I thy face by day-light see.

Now goe thy way: faintnesse constraineth me,

To measure out my length on this cold bed,

By daies approach looke to be visited.

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,

Abate thy houres, shine comforts from the East,

That I may backe to *Athens* by day-light,

From these that my poore companie detest;

And sleepe that sometime shuts vp sorrowes eie,
Steale me a while from mine owne companie.

Rob. Yet but three? Come one more,

Two of both kindes makes vp foure.

Here she comes, curst and sad,

Cupid is a knauish lad,

Enter Hermia.

Thus to make poore females mad.

Her. Neuer so wearie, neuer so in woe,

Bedabbled with the dew, and torne with briars,

I can no further cawle, no further goe;

My legs can keepe no pace with my desires.

Here will I rest me till the breake of day,

Heauens shield *Lysander*, if they meane a fray:

Rob. On the ground sleepe found,

Ile apply your eie gentle loue, remedy,

When thou wak'st, thou tak'st

True delight in the sight of thy former Ladies eye,

And

And the Country Prouerb knowne,
That euery man should take his owne,
In your waking shall be showne.
I lacke shall haue *Lill*, nought shall goe ill,
The man shall haue his Mare againe, and all shall bee
well.

Actus Quartus.

*Enter Queene of Fairies, and Clowne, and Fairies, and the
King behinde them.*

Tita. Come, sit thee downe vpon this flowry bed,
While I thy amiable cheekes doe coy.

And sticke muske roles in thy sleeke imooth head,

And kisse thy faire large eares, my gentle ioy.

Clow. Where's *Pease-blossome*?

Peas. Ready.

Clow. scratch my head, *Pease-blossome*. Where's *Moun-*
sieur Cobweb.

Cob. Ready.

Clow. Mounseur *Cobweb*, good Mounseur get your
weapons in your hand, & kill me a red hipt humble-bee,
on the top of a thistle; and good Mounseur bring mee
the hony bag. Doe not fyer your selfe too much in the
action, Mounseur; and good Mounseur haue a care the
hony bag breake not, I would be loth to haue yon ouer-
flowne with a hony-bag signiour. Where's Mounseur
Mustardseed?

Musf. Ready.

Clow. Giue me your neafe, Mounseur *Mustardseed*.

Pray you leaue your courtesie good Mounseur.

Musf. What's your will?

Clow. Nothing good Mounseur, but to help *Cauallery*
Cobweb to scratch. I must to the Barbers Mounseur, for
me-thinks I am maruellous hairy about the face. And I
am such a tender asse, if my haire do but tickle me, I must
scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou heare some musicke, my sweet
loue.

Clow. I haue a reasonable good eare in musicke. Let
vs haue the tongs and the bones.

Musicke Tongs, Rur all Musicke.

Tita. Or say sweete Loue, what thou desirest to eat.

Clow. Truly a pecke of Prouender; I could munch
your good dry Oates. Me-thinks I haue a great desire
to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweete hay hath no fel-
low.

Tita. I haue a venturous Fairy,
That shall seeke the Squirrels hoard,

And fetch thee new Nuts.

Clow. I had rather haue a handfull or two of dried
pease. But I pray you let none of your people stirre me, I
haue an exposition of sleepe come vpon me.

Tita. Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my arms,
Fairies be gone, and be alwaies away.

So doth the woodbine, the sweet Honifuckle,

Gently entwist; the female luy so

Entrings the baky fingers of the Elme.

O how I loue thee! how I dote on thee!

Enter Robin goodfellow and Oberon.

Ob. Welcome good *Robin*:

Seest thou this sweet sight?

Her dorage now I doe begin to pittie.

For meeting her of late behinde the wood,

Seeking sweet fauours for this hatefull foole,

I did vpbraide her, and fall out with her.

For she his hairy temples then had rounded,

With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers,

And that same dew which sometime on the buds,

Was wont to swell like round and orient pearles;

Stood now within the pretty flouriets eyes,

Like teares that did the ir owne disgrace bewaile.

When I had at my pleasure taunted her,

And she in milde termes beg'd my patience,

I then did aske of her, her changeling childe,

Which straight she gaue me, and her Fairy sent

To beare him to my Bower in Fairy Land.

And now I haue the Boy, I will vndoe

This hatefull imperfection of her eyes.

And gentle *Pucke*, take this transformed scalpe,

From off the head of this *Athenian* swaine;

That he awaking when the other doe,

May all to *Athens* backe againe repaire,

And thinke no more of this nights accidents,

But as the fierce vexation of a dreame.

But first I will release the Fairy Queene.

Be thou as thou wast wont to be;

See as thou wast wont to see.

Dians bud, or Cupids flower,

Haue such force and blessed power.

Now my *Titania* wake you my sweet Queene.

Tita. My *Oberon*, what visions haue I scene!

Me-thought I was enamoured of an Ass.

Ob. There lies your loue.

Tita. How came these things to passe?

Oh, how mine eyes doth loath this visage now!

Ob. Silence a while, *Robin* take off his head:

Titania, musick call, and strike more dead

Then common sleepe; of all these, fine the sense.

Tita. Musicke, he musicke, such as charmeth sleepe.

Musick still.

Rob. When thou wak'st, with thine owne fooles eies
peepe.

Ob. Sound musick; come my Queene, take hands with
me

And rocke the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now thou and I are new in amity,

And will to morrow midnight, solemnly

Dance in Duke *Thebes* house triumphantly,

And blesse it to all faire posterity.

There shall the paires of faithfull Louers be

Wedded, with *Thebes*, all in iollity.

Rob. Faire King attend, and marke,

I doe heare the morning Larke.

Ob. Then my Queene in silence sad,

Trip we after the nights shade;

We the Globe can compasse soone,

Swifter then the wandring Moone.

Tita. Come my Lord, and in our flight,

Tell me how it came this night,

That I sleeping heere was found,

Sleepers Lye still.

With